

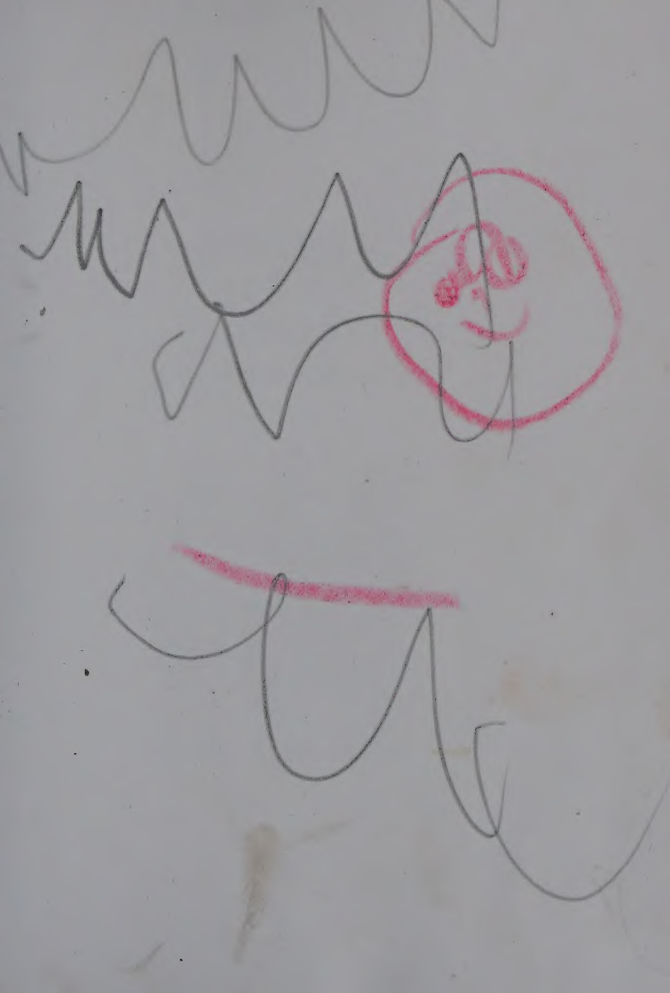
# Beauty and the Beast

and other fairytales



NURSERY CLASSICS







# Beauty and the Beast

and other fairytales



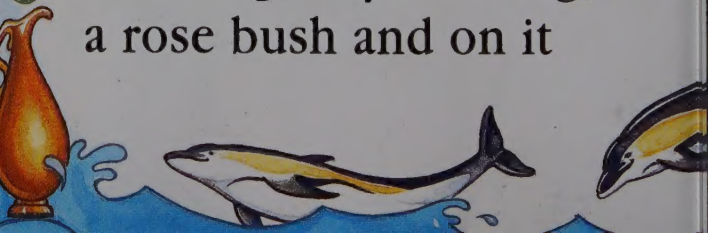








Early the next morning he was woken by bright shafts of sunlight dancing through the tall, narrow windows. He pulled on his boots and stared out over the gardens. His eyes opened wide in delight and a smile creased his face. There, in a small grassy clearing, was a rose bush and on it







bloomed the most beautiful roses. He rushed outside to see them more clearly.

To the merchant's delight, one rose was perfect — its perfume exquisite, its bloom magical, and its colour the truest of reds. With a happy heart, he reached out his hand and plucked it from the bush.



At last he had found the rose to please his youngest daughter's heart.

But as soon as he picked the beautiful flower, the sky blackened, lightning flashed and a crack of thunder split the angry sky. Then from behind him came a terrifying roar that shook the earth beneath his feet.





The merchant spun round  
in terror. Towering over  
him he saw a terrible being,  
neither man nor animal —  
a raging, ugly Beast!



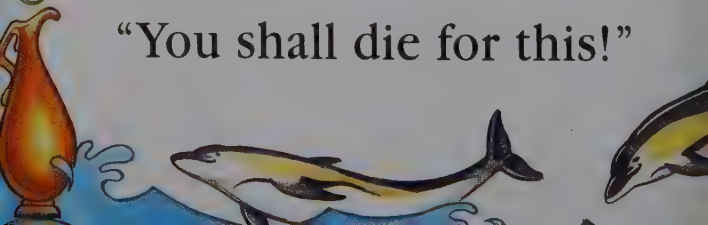




“So this is the thanks you show for my kindness!” said the Beast in a voice that was a low, hideous growl. “I gave you good food and let you use my home as if it were your own, yet you choose to steal the rose I cherish.”

The merchant trembled with fear.

“You shall die for this!”



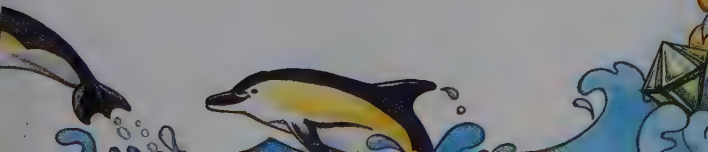


raged the Beast.

“But the rose was not for me,” stammered the terrified merchant. “It was for my child, the sweetest of my daughters.”

The Beast drew back, his twisted brows clenched in thought.

“So be it. You must let your child take your place.






Let her come here of her own free will and I will let you live.” So saying, the Beast reached into a pocket with one huge paw and dropped a golden ring into the merchant’s hand.

“Take this ring and guard it carefully. Within three days she must be here or you will die!”



The merchant stared down at the ring in dismay. How could he let his lovely daughter take his place here with this terrible creature? But when he looked up the Beast had vanished and to his amazement he found himself in his own home with the rose and the ring still clasped in his hands.

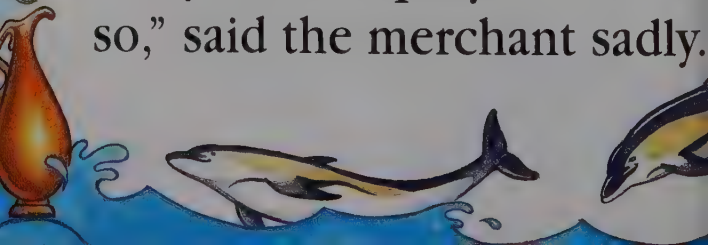




When the merchant told his story his youngest daughter threw her arms around his neck.

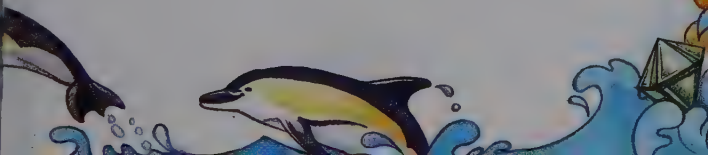
“Dear father, I will gladly take your place,” she said. “My love is strong and the Beast will surely let me return to you soon.”

“My child, I pray it will be so,” said the merchant sadly.





A trifle cross at not receiving their promised gifts, his elder daughters questioned him further. Surely the Beast could not harm them. Why should they not just keep the golden ring? But the merchant remained silent and on the third day he bade his youngest farewell with a heavy heart.



His favourite daughter took up the rose and slipped the ring on her finger. In a flash she found herself standing by the rose bush in the enchanted garden. The rose lifted from her hand and bound itself to the severed stem where it bloomed even brighter than before.

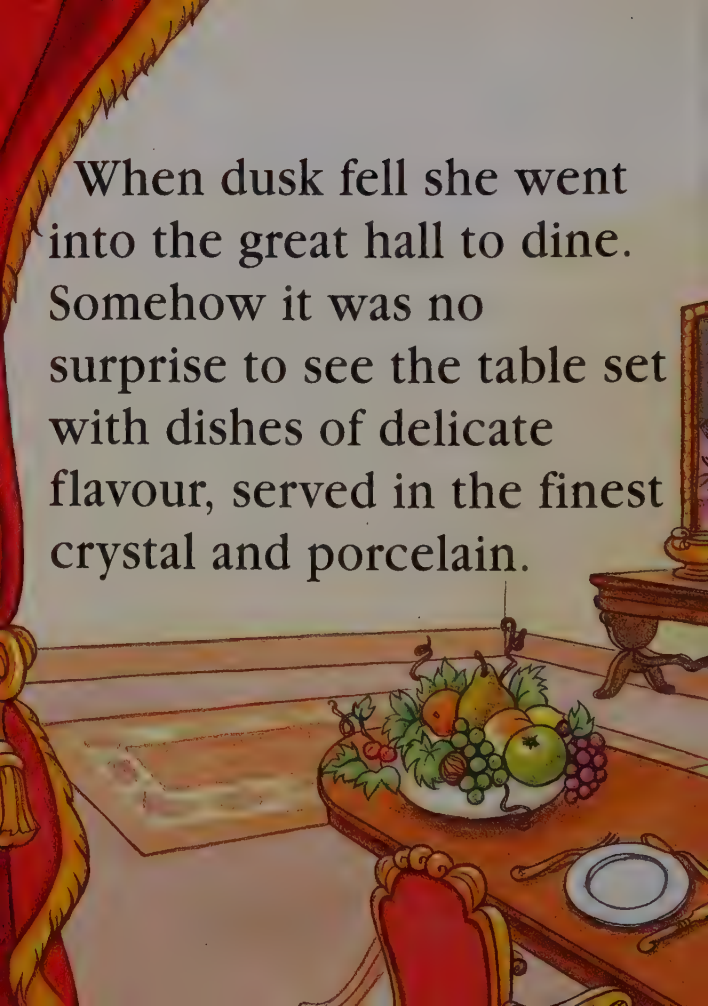






The music that played through the trees and the scent of the flowers filled her with delight. Soon she came upon the beautiful palace and walking through the great doorway she marvelled at the beautiful things in the many fine rooms and felt quite at ease and unafraid.

When dusk fell she went  
into the great hall to dine.  
Somehow it was no  
surprise to see the table set  
with dishes of delicate  
flavour, served in the finest  
crystal and porcelain.







Gold candelabra stood on the long table and their soft candlelight fell on the glowing fruit and fine food. Seating herself on a large gilded chair at one end of the table, the merchant's youngest daughter began to eat and drink.

Suddenly, to her great amazement, the marble wall

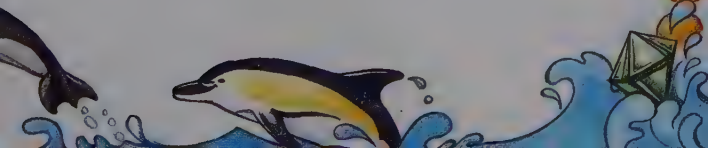






n front of her began to  
low like the embers of a  
winter fire. She peered  
closer and saw letters appear  
from the tiny flames,  
sparkling together to form  
these words.

*“Welcome, pure Beauty,  
and have no fear  
For you are truly  
Mistress here.”*





No sooner had she read the message than the flames disappeared. Beauty looked around her but to her disappointment there was no one in sight and the great palace was silent.





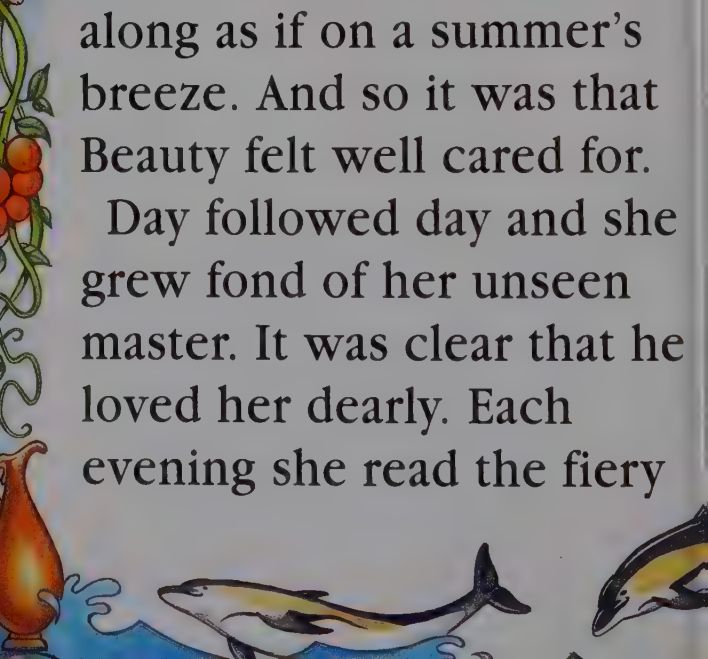
Each day the merchant's youngest daughter awoke to a new delight: the finest silk gowns were laid out for her choice; the finest food was always to her taste; and the gardens sang with soft music. The sweet-scented blooms parted before her and their fragrance filled the balmy air.





At the end of the day when she felt tired, her feet were lifted and she was carried along as if on a summer's breeze. And so it was that Beauty felt well cared for.

Day followed day and she grew fond of her unseen master. It was clear that he loved her dearly. Each evening she read the fiery





words that appeared full of sweet messages on the marble wall, but she longed to hear his voice and begged him to speak to her directly. At last he relented and wrote these final words of fire.

*“So, let it then be soon.  
Go to the garden at noon.  
There, Beauty, say:  
‘Speak to me.’”*





The following day she went to the garden well before noon. She was so excited at the thought of hearing her master's voice that she laughed and skipped as she ran towards the sun-dial.

There she waited patiently until at last the sun was high overhead. Then quietly she said, "Speak to me."







For a moment there was silence, then from behind a thicket she heard a long sigh. Again there was a pause, broken by a terrible snarling voice that roared through the silence, tearing at her senses and filling her with terror. She clutched at her breast yet stood her ground and despite her fear she listened.



At length she heard just words of kindness and no longer noticed the fearsome voice which spoke them. Her fear vanished and from that moment the Beast and the Beauty spoke each day.







At dusk she said the chosen words. A movement close at hand caused her to turn. For a fleeting second the Beast was revealed, and in that instant she saw a creature so terrible that she cried out in alarm and fell senseless to the ground. Some minutes passed but at last she opened her eyes.

Then she saw the Beast sitting among the beautiful flowers of his garden with his back toward her. To her dismay she saw that his shoulders shook with dreadful sobs as he wept bitterly. Suddenly she no longer felt afraid. She walked towards him and rested her hand on his head.





The Beast raised his great face towards her and his cheeks were wet with tears. Her kind heart was filled with sorrow, for Beauty knew that it was she who had caused him such pain.







“Do not cry,” she whispered.  
“I do not fear your form. It  
is only the shell that cloaks  
a tender heart. The wisdom  
that lies within is good and  
true. Please forgive me for  
hurting you so.”





So saying, she took her lace handkerchief and gently wiped a tear from his cheek. At her touch the terrible face creased in a smile. From that day they became loving friends and, delighting in each other's company, shared the beauty of the island — the ugly Beast and the delicate Beauty.

One night the merchant's daughter slept fitfully. She tossed and turned on her bed and woke with a start from a terrible dream. She cried out and the Beast rushed to her side.



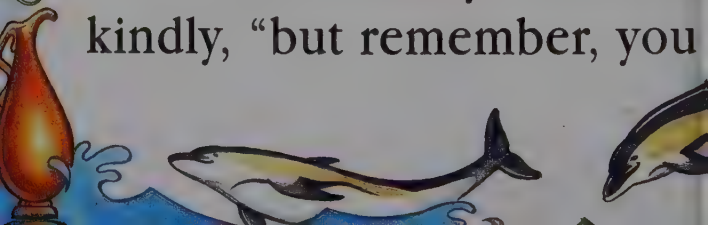






Her dream had been of her dear father, sick in his bed and close to death. The Beast tried to comfort her, but his kind heart knew that she would not rest until she stood by her father's side. He bade her return to her home.

“Go now, Beauty,” he said kindly, “but remember, you





must return within three days. Should you fail to return within that time then I will die. My love for you is such that I cannot live without you."

Beauty smiled up at him and nodded tenderly. She took the golden ring he offered and slipped it on her finger.



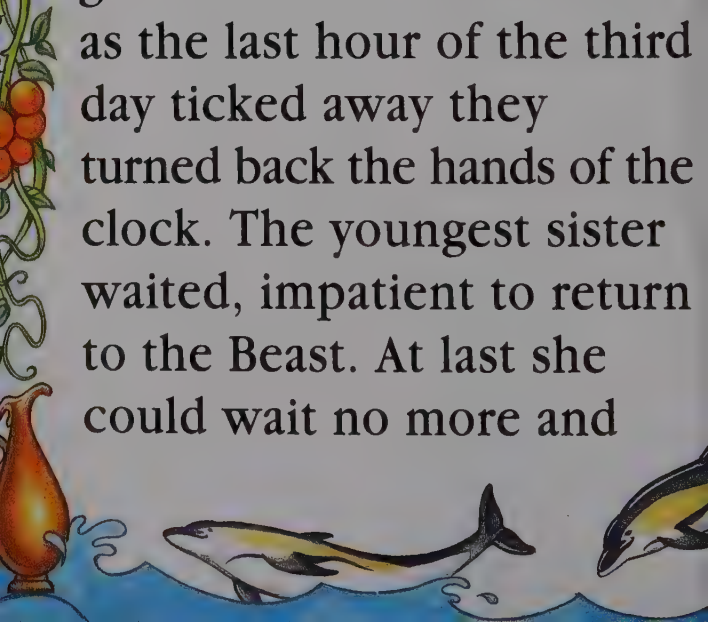
“Dear sister,” replied Beauty.  
“That is an unworthy  
thought. I could not be so  
cruel to so kind and gentle  
a being.”







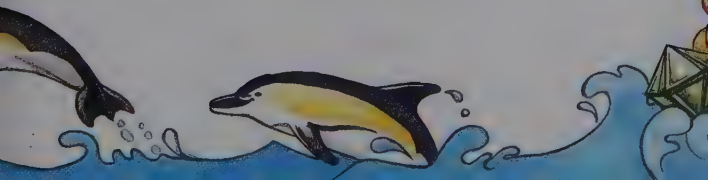
Her sisters turned away consumed with envy at her happiness. Sadly, their spite got the better of them for as the last hour of the third day ticked away they turned back the hands of the clock. The youngest sister waited, impatient to return to the Beast. At last she could wait no more and





saying goodbye, slipped the ring on her finger and vanished — back to the enchanted palace.

But the palace was silent; no birds sang in the still gardens and no gentle music played through the fine chambers. Frantically she searched for the Beast and at last she found him.





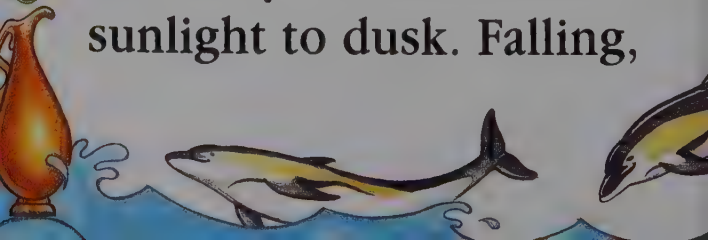
He lay still on the ground  
and clutched to his breast  
was the single, dark red  
rose. Its petals had fallen  
and she knew at once that  
he was dead.







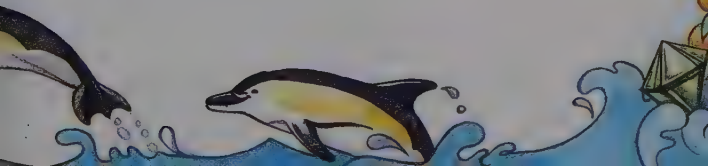
She knelt beside him and rested her hand on his twisted brow. She felt the tears well in her eyes and bent slowly to kiss his cheek. A single tear fell onto the Beast's heart as her eyes filled with the pain of sorrow and the daylight suddenly clouded from sunlight to dusk. Falling,





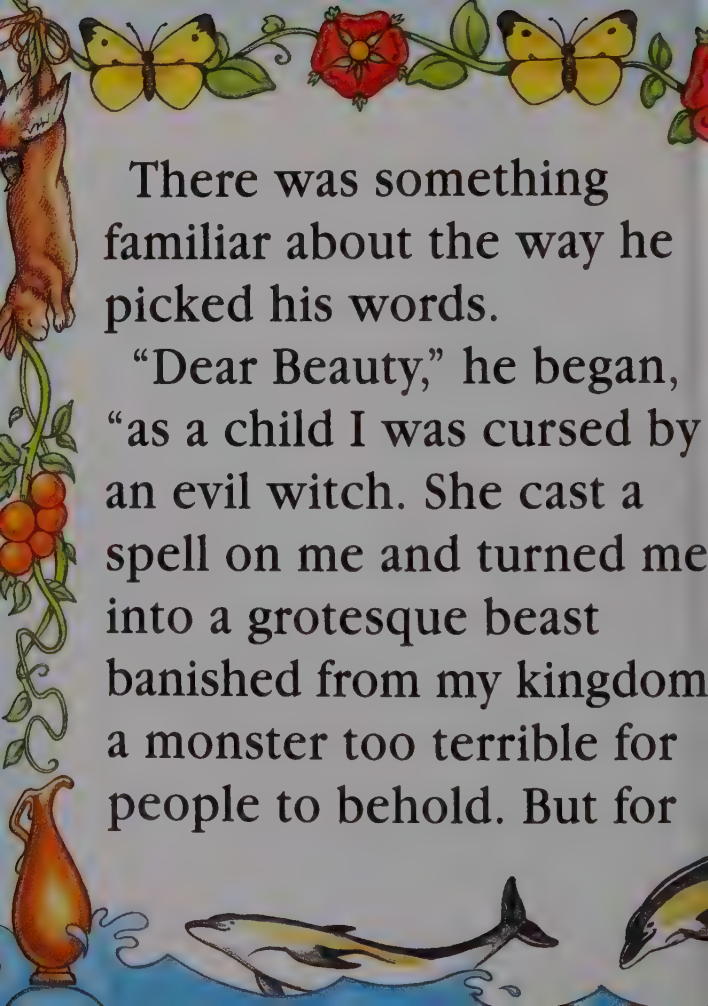
she gave up her senses and slumped over the dead body of the Beast and knew no more.

Her eyes opened in surprise to the chatter of a hundred voices. She was sitting on a silver throne and standing beside her was a handsome prince. He smiled kindly down at her.



The hall before her was full of noblemen and their ladies. Among them she saw her father, his hands clasped together and beaming broadly. Her two sisters stood beside him, shame-faced. Beauty moved down the steps towards them but the prince took her hand and spoke softly.





There was something familiar about the way he picked his words.

“Dear Beauty,” he began, “as a child I was cursed by an evil witch. She cast a spell on me and turned me into a grotesque beast banished from my kingdom a monster too terrible for people to behold. But for





your love I would have remained so, despised and feared for the rest of my life. You saw beneath the ugliness and broke the spell. You alone have set me free. I have come to love you truly and now ask that you be my queen, and stay with me ... forever."

And so she did.





# *Cinderella*

Illustrated by Carole Sharpe



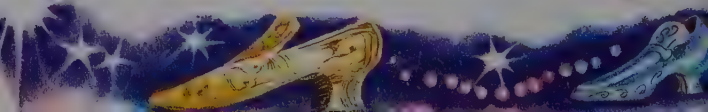


## HISTORY

*Cinderella* first appeared in print in 1697 in a collection of fairy stories written by the French poet and storyteller, Charles Perrault (1628-1703).

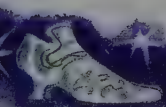
The collection brought together many half-forgotten traditional folk tales, including *Bluebeard*, *Little Red Riding-Hood* and *Puss in Boots* and together they became known as *Mother Goose's Tales*. Written in a simple, unaffected style, Perrault's stories quickly became popular in France and later throughout the world.

There has been considerable dispute over the years to the exact author of these tales and some experts believe that it was actually Perrault's son, Pierre (1678-1700) who compiled and recorded the stories for posterity when he was only 17 or 18 years old.



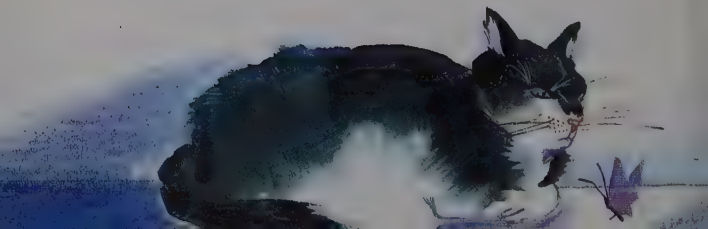


Once upon a time there was a fine gentleman. He had a young daughter but sadly, his wife died and in time he married again. His new wife was proud and haughty. She had two daughters of her own who were exactly like her in all things. But the man's own daughter was



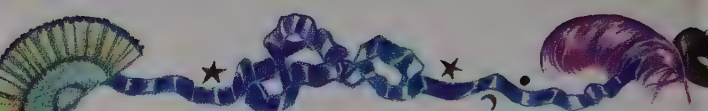
sweet and good, just like her dear mother had been.

Gladly she welcomed her new relations, hoping they could all be friendly and live together happily — but it was not to be.






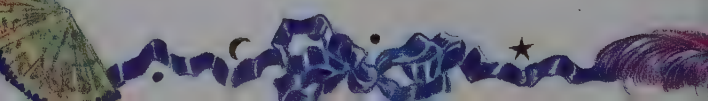




No sooner was the wedding over than the stepmother began to show herself in her true colours.



She could not bear her husband's pretty daughter and made her do all the housework. Every day she made her wash the dishes, scrub the tables, sweep the floors and beat the rugs.



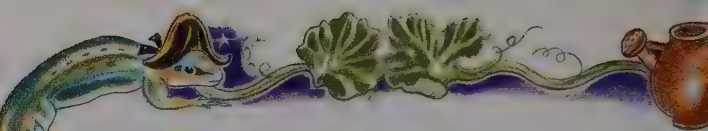


Her stepmother and stepsisters were waited on hand and foot and wanted for nothing. Each night the poor girl climbed the stairs to the very top of the old house and there she slept, curled up on a straw bed in the dusty attic. Her sisters had fine rooms, hung with beautiful silk curtains.

There they lay upon soft beds with perfumed pillows and satin coverlets.

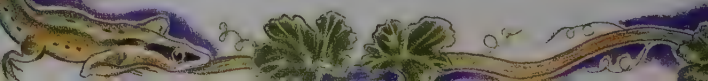
Each had a large mirror on their bedroom wall so they might preen and admire themselves from head to foot. But their little stepsister never had time to look in a mirror. She was too busy washing dishes at the sink.





The poor girl had such a sweet nature that she carried out her duties with a smile and never complained.

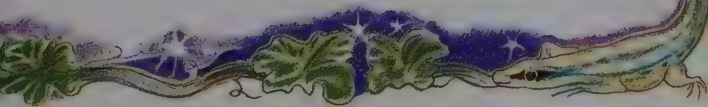
Her father's new wife now ruled the house and her word was law. The little stepdaughter dared not moan to her father for she was afraid of upsetting him. At the end of the day when





her work was done, the little girl would sit down near the warm cinders and ashes of the kitchen fire and dream of happier times.

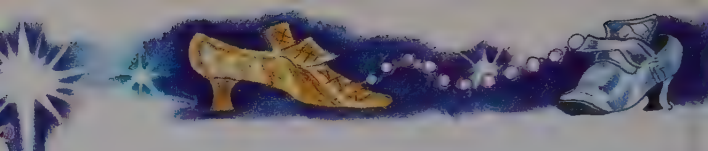
When her stepmother saw her sitting there she laughed and called her Cinderwench, but soon her two stepsisters had given her a new name: they called her Cinderella.








But even though little Cinderella was dressed in rags and tatters, she was a hundred times prettier than her sisters in their beautiful gowns. They were so often in a bad temper, and pouted and sulked so regularly, that both their faces had grown quite ugly.

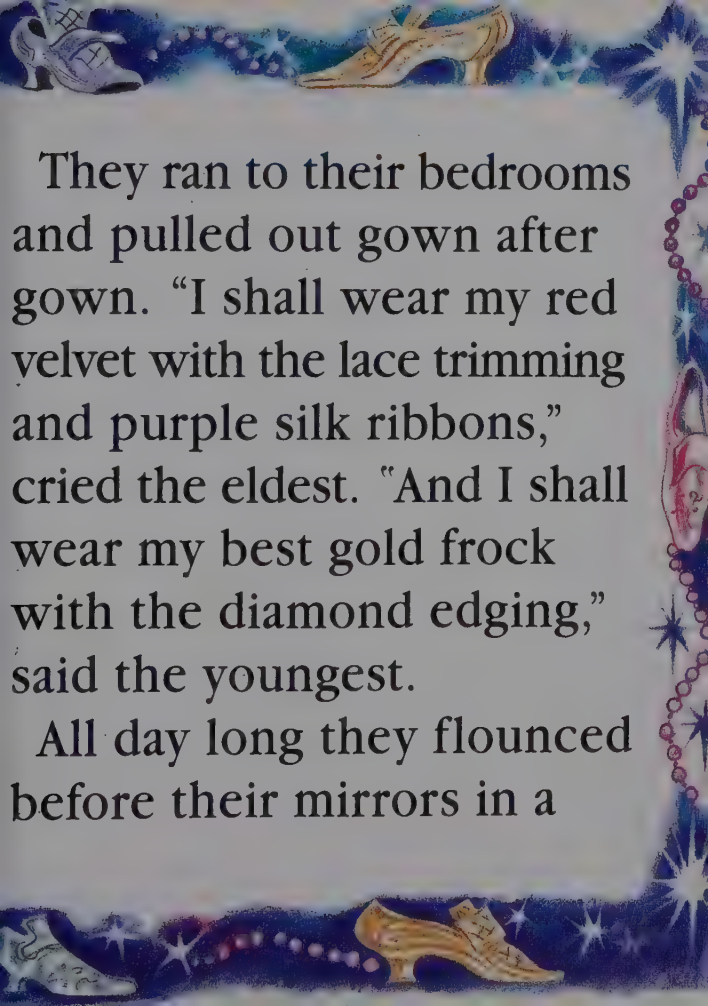


One day Cinderella found her two sisters in a state of great excitement.

“An invitation has arrived from the Palace!” cried one.

“The Prince is having a Grand Ball and we have been invited!” cried the other. Round the room they twirled, fluttering their fans and crowing with delight.





They ran to their bedrooms and pulled out gown after gown. "I shall wear my red velvet with the lace trimming and purple silk ribbons," cried the eldest. "And I shall wear my best gold frock with the diamond edging," said the youngest.

All day long they flounced before their mirrors in a

perfect agony of indecision.

“Which shall it be?” they sighed. “The pretty pink silk or the yellow brocade?”

Soon the floor was covered with clothes and poor Cinderella’s heart sank, for it would certainly be she who would have to iron everything smooth once again.




Bright and early next day the two sisters left the house and went into town.

First they called on Mademoiselle de la Poche to discuss their make-up for the Ball. After endless dabbling in pots and gazing in mirrors, they finally left, laden with rouge, powder puffs and beauty patches.








Next they visited the wig-maker and chose new white wigs to wear with fat sausage curls. Smiling contentedly, they returned home, well pleased with their day's shopping.

The day of the Grand Ball finally arrived and the real preparations began. The sisters had not eaten a

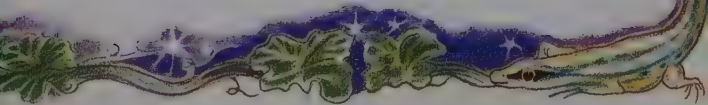




thing for two whole days  
to be sure that their waists  
were as slim as possible.

“Cinderella!” they cried  
from their bedchambers.

“Cinderella! Come and  
help us dress!” And so poor  
Cinderella was called hither  
and thither as first one sister,  
then the other demanded  
help with their clothes.



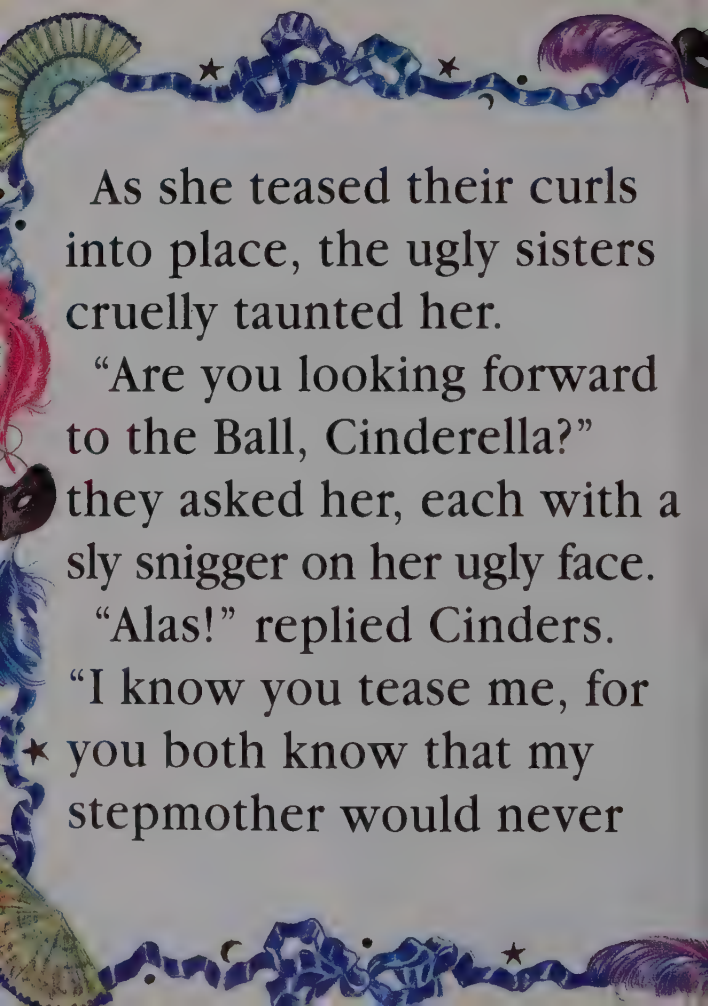
“Tighter! Tighter!” they cried. And their stepsister pulled with all her strength upon the laces of their bodices but still their waists looked as large as ever.

Over a dozen laces were snapped and two fingernails broken before the sisters finally declared themselves satisfied with the results.



Not once did Cinderella complain. Indeed, she offered to help comb their wigs and the sisters accepted gladly, for her little fingers were more nimble than their own clumsy hands. Carefully they dusted rouge upon their cheeks as Cinderella looked on longingly.





As she teased their curls into place, the ugly sisters cruelly taunted her.

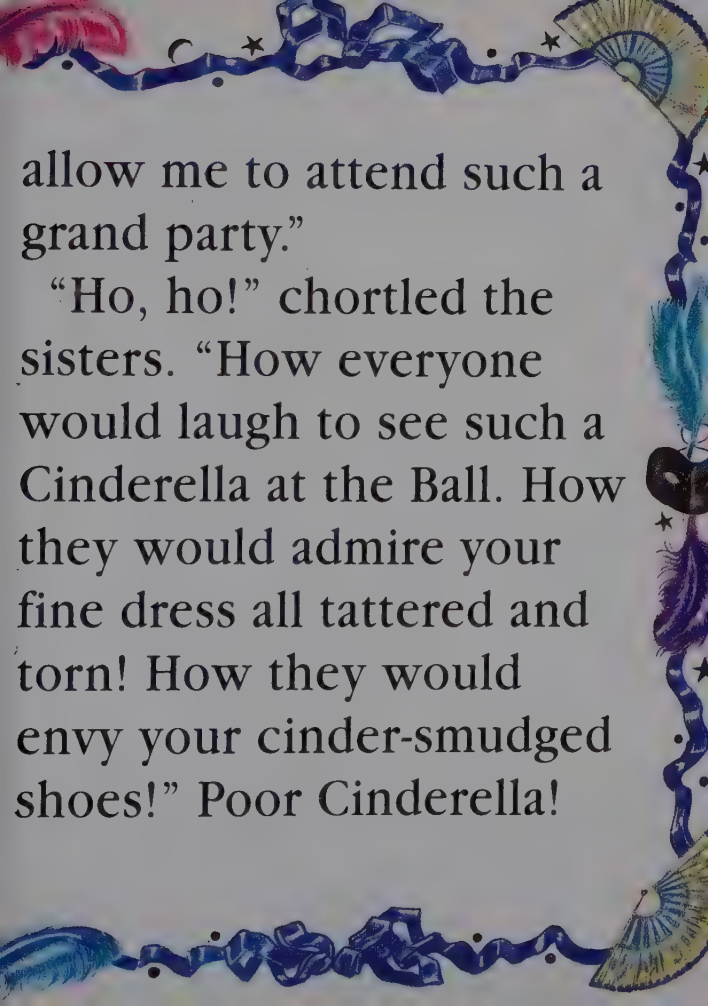
“Are you looking forward to the Ball, Cinderella?”

they asked her, each with a sly snigger on her ugly face.

“Alas!” replied Cinders.

“I know you tease me, for  
★ you both know that my stepmother would never



A decorative border runs along the top and right sides of the page. It features a blue ribbon with white stars and dots, a yellow and blue fan, and a blue feather. The border is also decorated with a red and white striped ribbon and a blue feather.

allow me to attend such a grand party.”

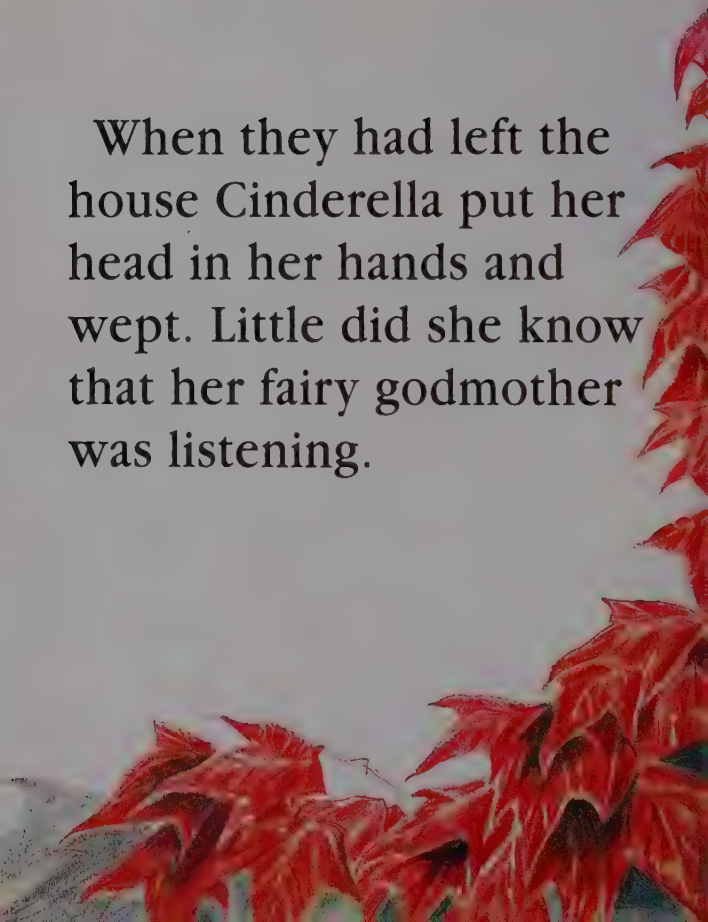
“Ho, ho!” chortled the sisters. “How everyone would laugh to see such a Cinderella at the Ball. How they would admire your fine dress all tattered and torn! How they would envy your cinder-smudged shoes!” Poor Cinderella!

At last the ugly sisters had spent long enough in front of the mirror and decided they were quite perfect. It was time to leave for the Ball. Down the hall they flounced and Cinderella sadly watched them go.






When they had left the house Cinderella put her head in her hands and wept. Little did she know that her fairy godmother was listening.






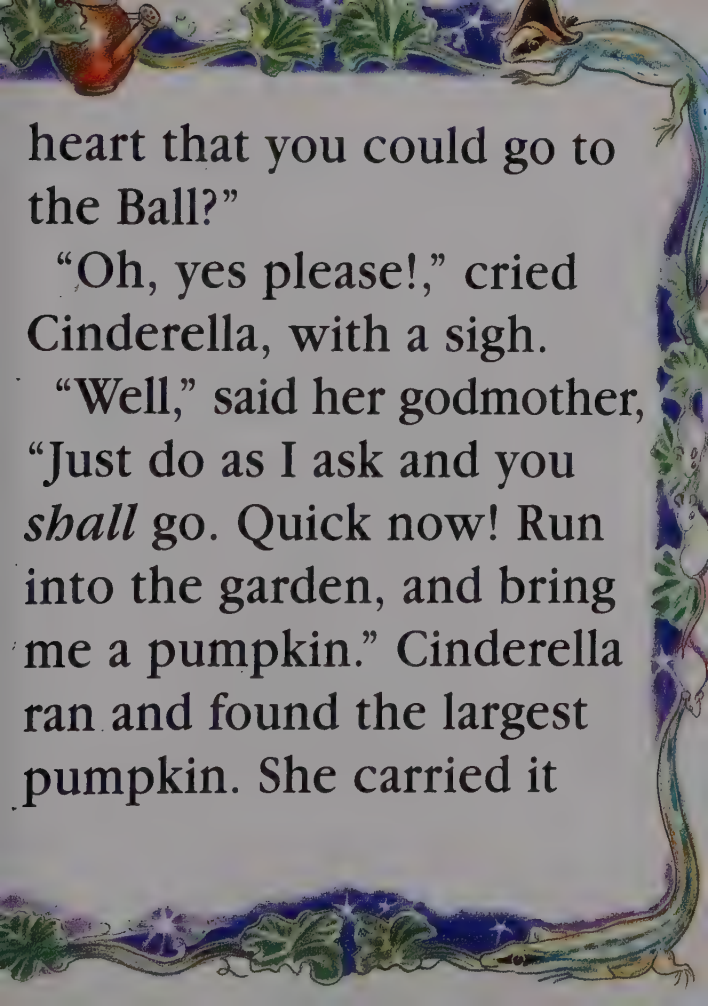


“I do so wish that I could go to the Ball,” sobbed Cinders. And no sooner had she finished speaking when her fairy godmother appeared before her.

“I am your fairy godmother Cinderella,” said the kind fairy. “And I have come to grant you one wish. Do you wish with all your







heart that you could go to the Ball?”

“Oh, yes please!,” cried Cinderella, with a sigh.

“Well,” said her godmother, “Just do as I ask and you *shall* go. Quick now! Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin.” Cinderella ran and found the largest pumpkin. She carried it



back to her godmother, all the while wondering how this could possibly help. Her godmother tapped it with her magic wand and the pumpkin was instantly turned into a fine coach.

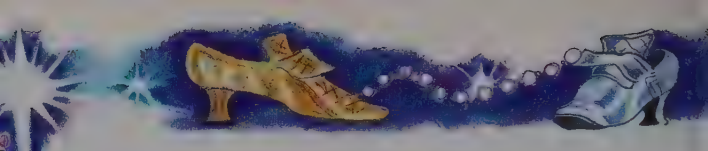




“Now fetch me six grey mice from the mouse-trap,” ordered the fairy godmother.

One at a time, Cinders let the mice free and, as they ran squeaking from the trap, each was tapped with the magic wand. Soon six fine white horses stood proud and gleaming beside the golden coach.




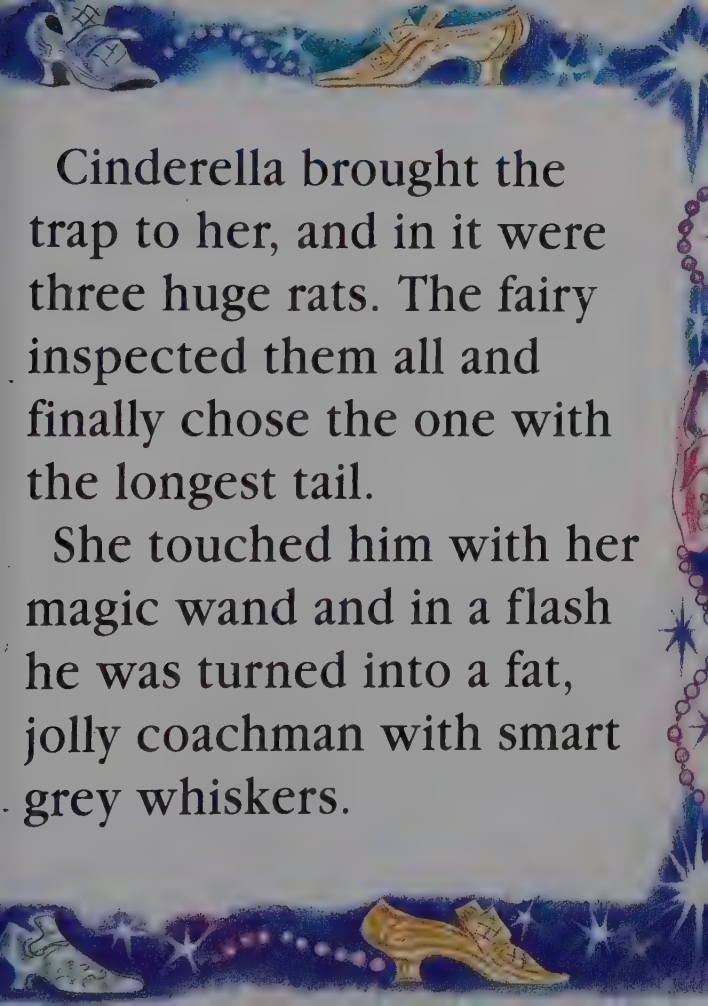


“Now we need a fine coachman,” declared the old woman. “I wonder what we might use?” Then Cinderella had an idea.

“I will go and look in the rat-trap,” she said. “If there is a rat there, he may make a good coachman.”

“What a good idea!,” replied her godmother.





Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it were three huge rats. The fairy inspected them all and finally chose the one with the longest tail.

She touched him with her magic wand and in a flash he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman with smart grey whiskers.

“Now for the footmen,”  
smiled the godmother. “Go  
again into the garden and  
you will find six lizards  
behind the watering-pot.  
Bring them to me!”



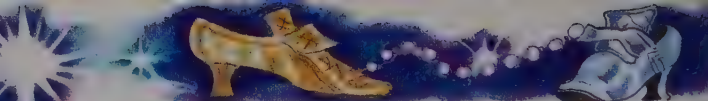


Again the magic wand flashed and the six green lizards were turned into six smart footmen. Each was dressed in a smart green uniform, all embroidered




with gold and silver thread,  
and splendid green hats  
now perched upon their  
heads. They bowed low to  
Cinders before jumping up  
behind the coach.






Cinderella could hardly believe her own eyes. She danced up and down and clapped her hands with joy. Smiling, the Fairy turned to her and said:


“Well, here you have a coach and horses ready and waiting to take you to the Ball. Are you well pleased with them?”





“Oh, yes!” cried Cinderella,  
“but I could not possibly  
go to a Ball dressed as I am  
in these horrid rags.”

Once again her godmother  
waved her wand and, in an  
instant, Cinderella’s tatters  
were turned into a lovely  
dress of silver and gold and  
sparkling glass slippers lay  
on the ground at her feet.



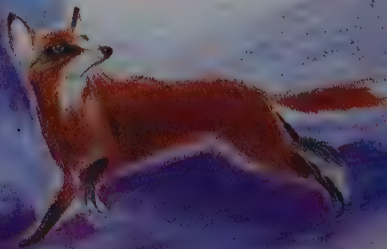


Cinderella's happiness was complete! But as she climbed into the coach, her fairy godmother warned her that she must be sure to leave

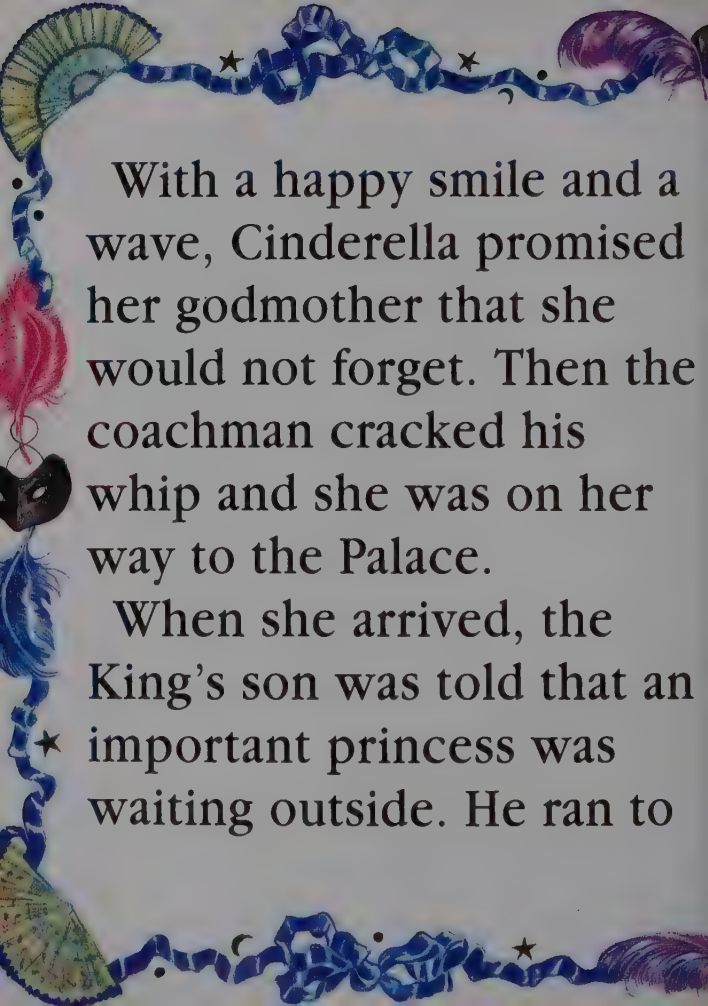




the Ball before midnight, for if she stayed one moment longer, the coach would become a pumpkin again, her fine horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes would change back into shabby rags once more.

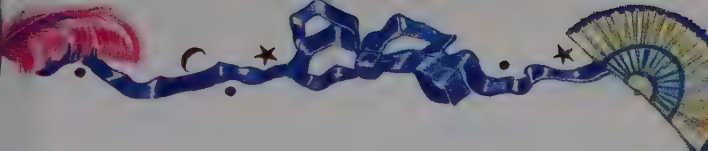







With a happy smile and a wave, Cinderella promised her godmother that she would not forget. Then the coachman cracked his whip and she was on her way to the Palace.

When she arrived, the King's son was told that an important princess was waiting outside. He ran to



welcome her and gave her  
his hand as she stepped  
down from the coach.

As the Prince led Cinderella  
into the hall, the musicians  
lowered their instruments  
and everyone stopped  
dancing to stare at the  
beautiful girl who gracefully  
descended the stairs on the  
arm of the Prince.



An excited hubbub broke out amongst the guests.

“What an exquisite face! Such beautiful hair! Who is she? Who is she?” they cried.





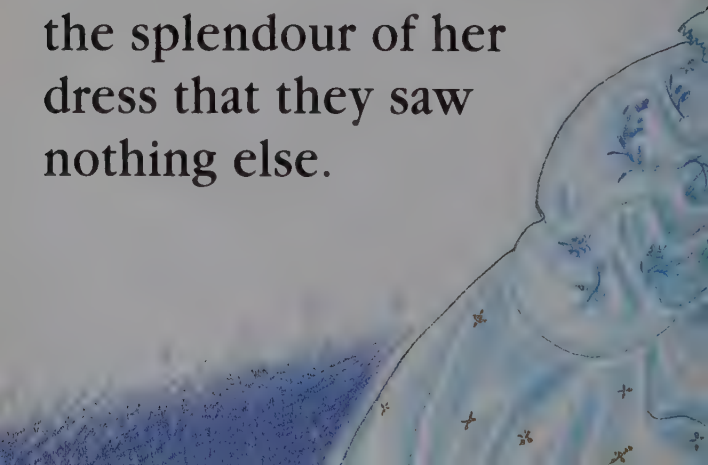




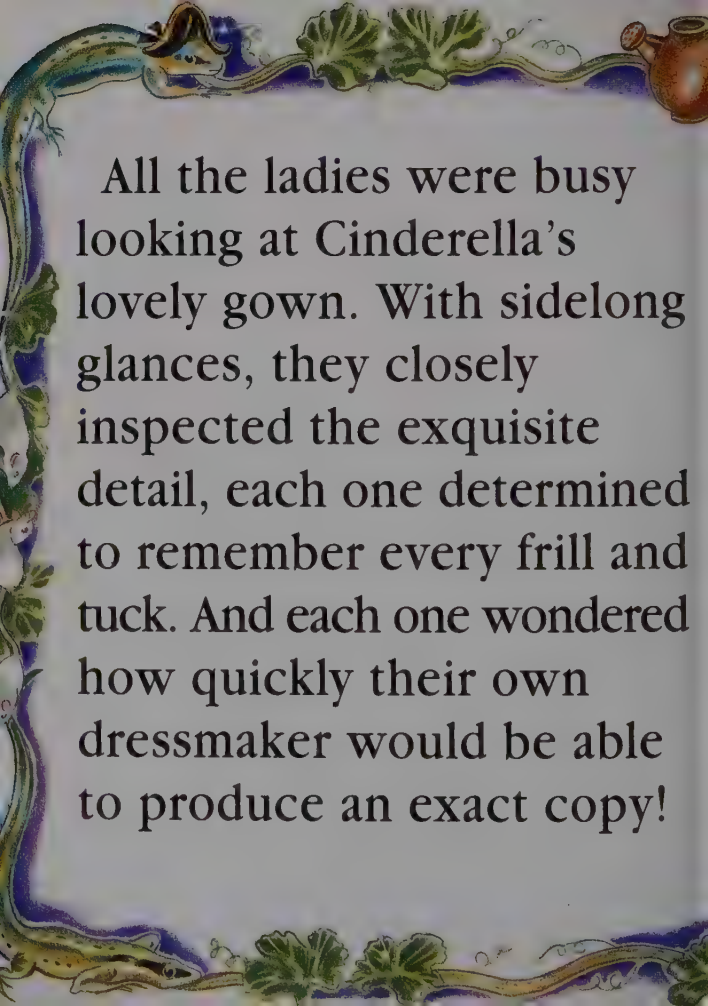


The King and the Queen sat at the end of the hall. Murmuring with open admiration, the dancers parted as the Prince led his lovely new guest across the floor. When they drew near, the old King caught his breath. It was a long time since he had seen such beauty and grace.

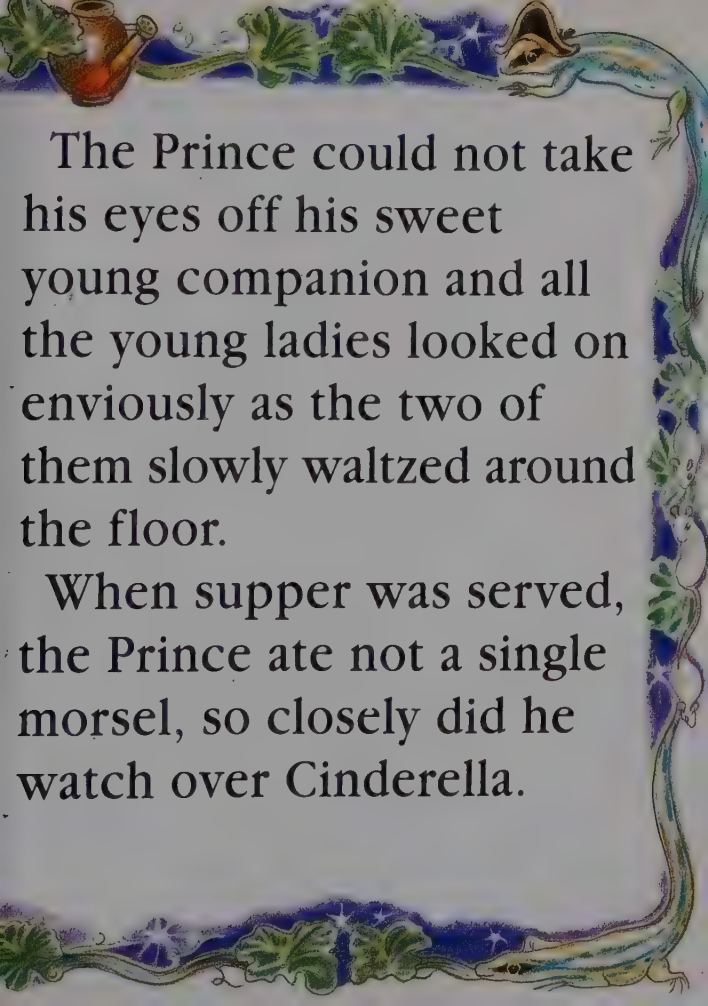
As Cinderella passed her ugly sisters, she held her breath. Perhaps they would recognise her! But she had nothing to fear, for the sisters were so dazzled by the splendour of her dress that they saw nothing else.







All the ladies were busy looking at Cinderella's lovely gown. With sidelong glances, they closely inspected the exquisite detail, each one determined to remember every frill and tuck. And each one wondered how quickly their own dressmaker would be able to produce an exact copy!



The Prince could not take his eyes off his sweet young companion and all the young ladies looked on enviously as the two of them slowly waltzed around the floor.

When supper was served, the Prince ate not a single morsel, so closely did he watch over Cinderella.

After the meal was over, Cinderella went and sat down by her sisters. With a kind smile she offered them oranges and lemons.

The ugly sisters were astonished by her attention and could only gawp, for they did not know this grand lady and they did not think that she knew them.







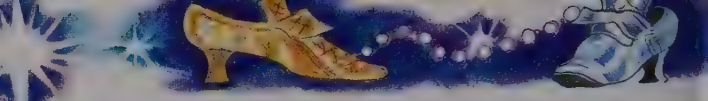
Then the dancing began again and, whispering sweet words, the Prince asked Cinders to be his partner.



The orchestra played a romantic waltz and the Prince held Cinderella tightly in his arms.




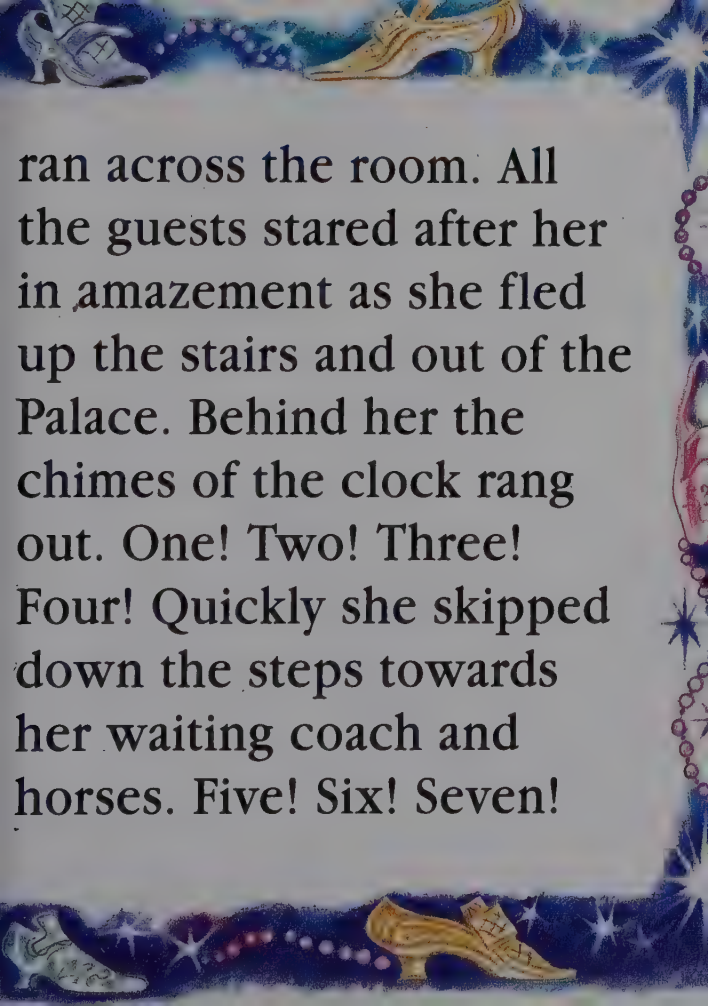




Cinderella was so happy that she thought her heart would burst. She closed her eyes and silently thanked the fairy godmother who had made all this possible.

Suddenly her eyes opened wide. She could hear the clock striking midnight! With a gasp, she broke from the Prince's arms and





ran across the room. All the guests stared after her in amazement as she fled up the stairs and out of the Palace. Behind her the chimes of the clock rang out. One! Two! Three! Four! Quickly she skipped down the steps towards her waiting coach and horses. Five! Six! Seven!

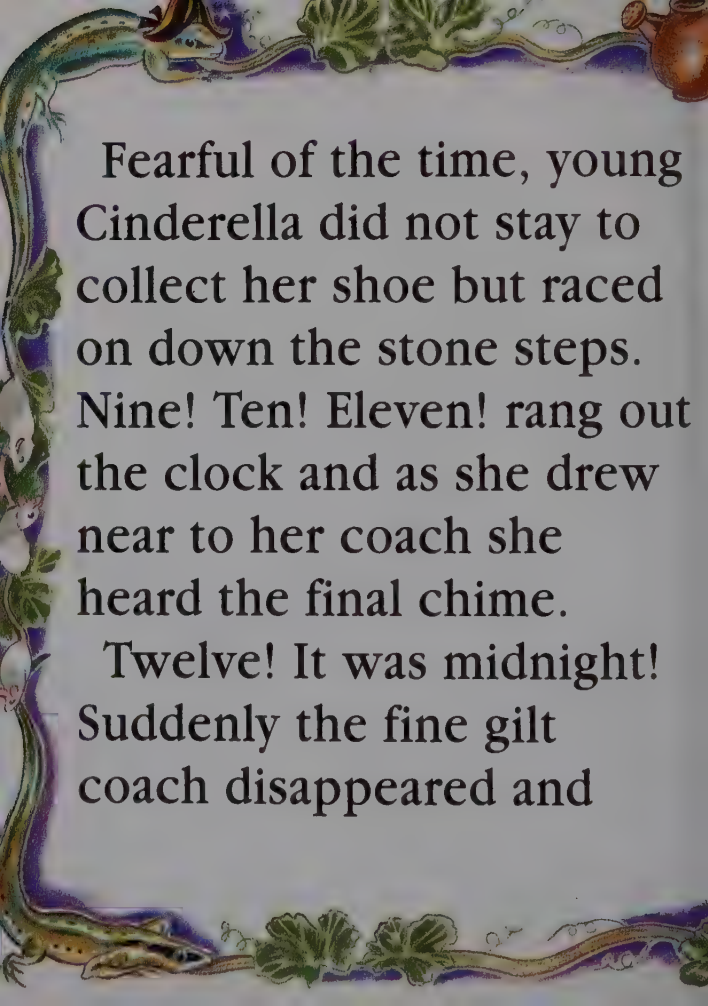


Eight! Soon she would be dressed in rags! Faster she ran and in her haste one pretty glass slipper fell from her foot.







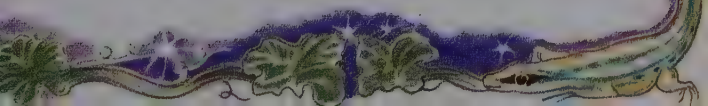


Fearful of the time, young Cinderella did not stay to collect her shoe but raced on down the stone steps. Nine! Ten! Eleven! rang out the clock and as she drew near to her coach she heard the final chime.

Twelve! It was midnight! Suddenly the fine gilt coach disappeared and

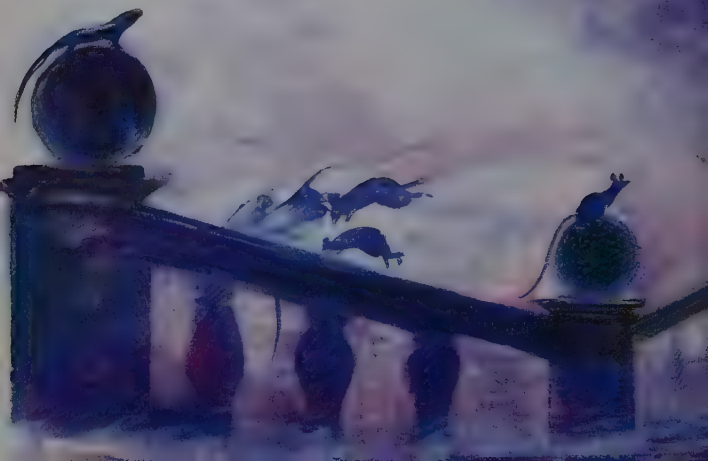


there in its place stood a pumpkin with six mice, six lizards and a fine grey rat running nearby. Once more Cinderella was wearing her tattered old dress. Tightly clutching her one glass slipper, she quietly slipped away into the shadows. The other glass slipper lay gleaming on the stone steps.

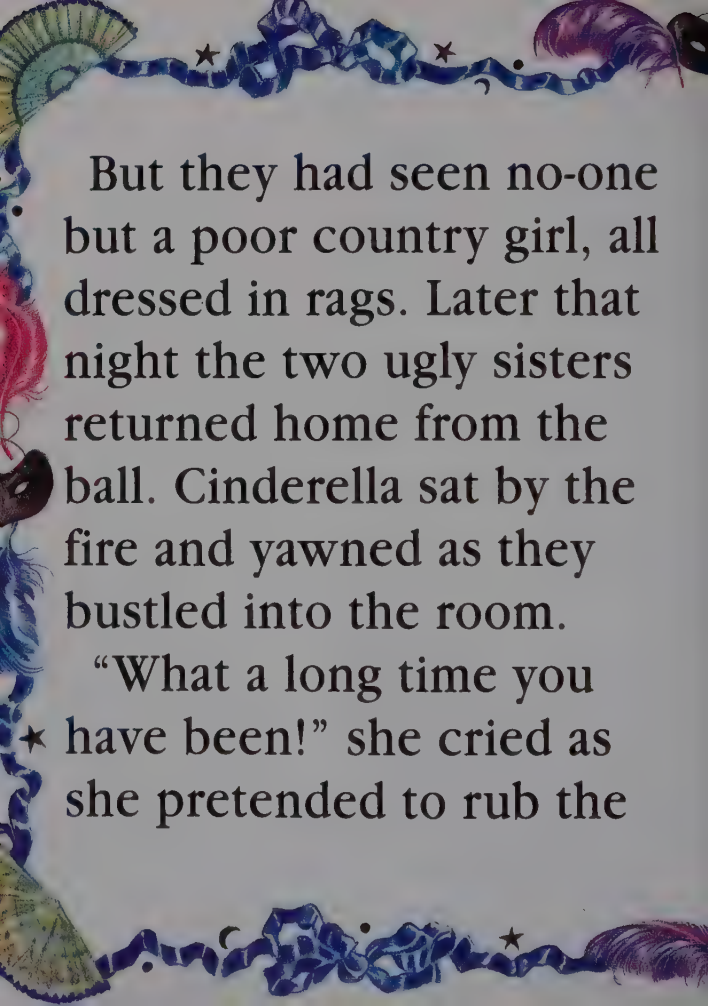


Breathlessly, the Prince  
ran down the steps and  
turned to his guards.

“Did you see the princess  
leave?” he gasped.



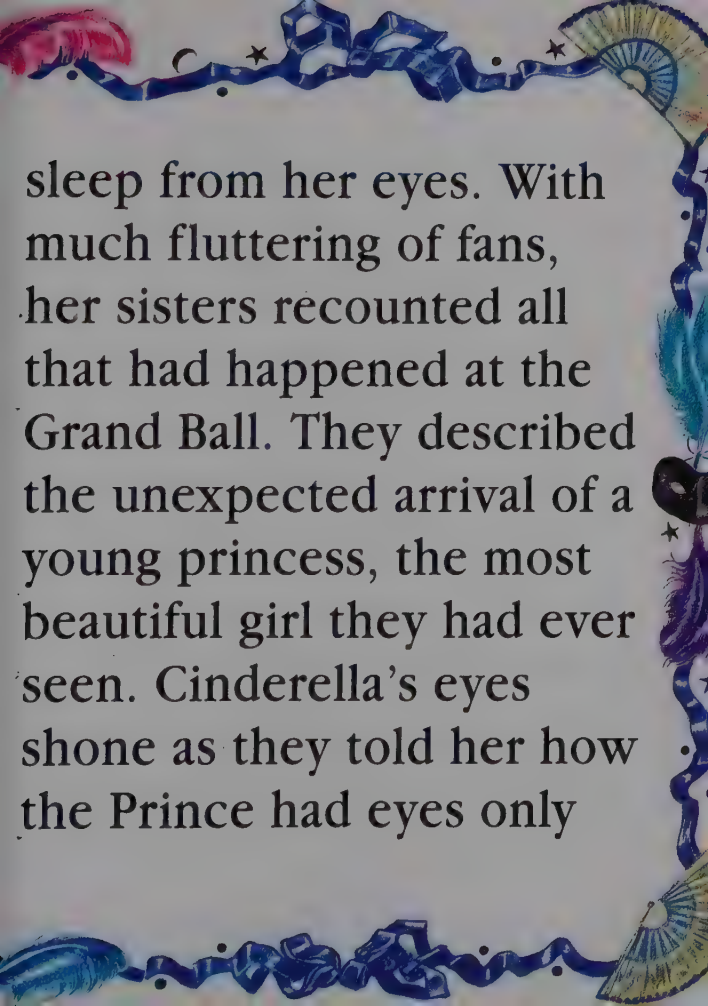




But they had seen no-one but a poor country girl, all dressed in rags. Later that night the two ugly sisters returned home from the ball. Cinderella sat by the fire and yawned as they bustled into the room.

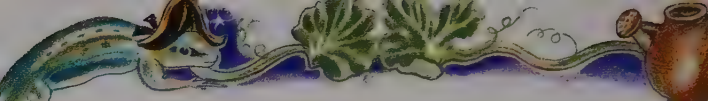
★ “What a long time you have been!” she cried as she pretended to rub the





sleep from her eyes. With much fluttering of fans, her sisters recounted all that had happened at the Grand Ball. They described the unexpected arrival of a young princess, the most beautiful girl they had ever seen. Cinderella's eyes shone as they told her how the Prince had eyes only




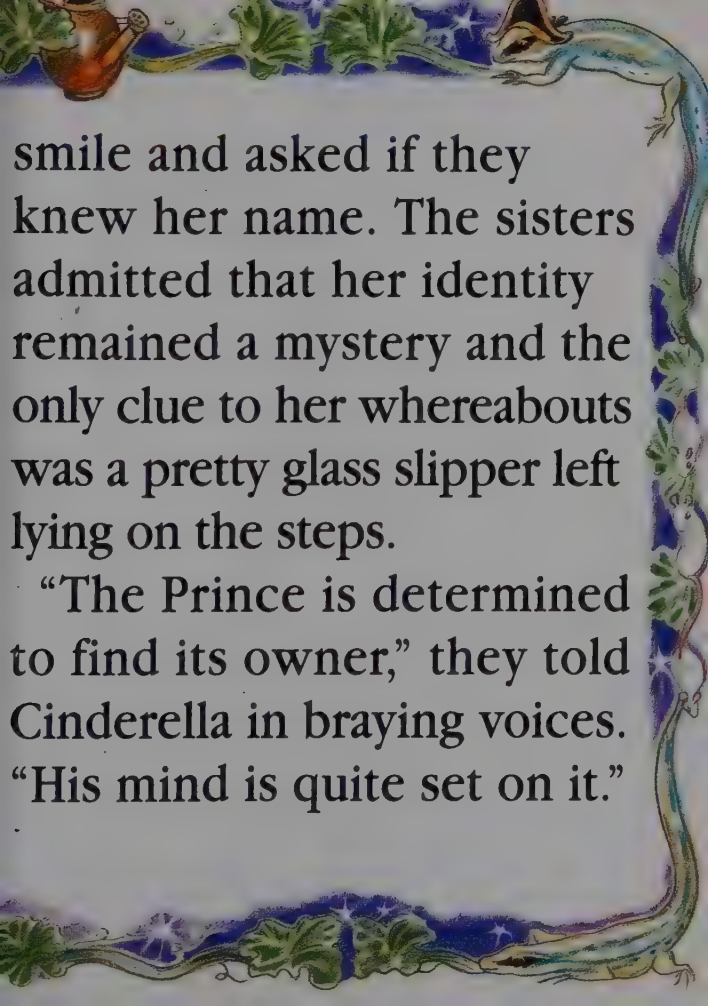


for her and danced with  
no-one else all evening.

“But she seemed to prefer  
our company,” added her  
older sister with a superior  
smile and a toss of the head.

“Yes, indeed,” agreed the  
younger sister. “She sat  
beside us and offered us  
oranges and lemons from her  
own hand.” Cinderella hid a

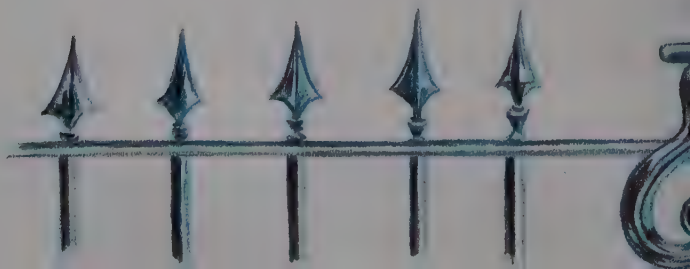





smile and asked if they knew her name. The sisters admitted that her identity remained a mystery and the only clue to her whereabouts was a pretty glass slipper left lying on the steps.

“The Prince is determined to find its owner,” they told Cinderella in braying voices. “His mind is quite set on it.”


This was indeed very true and a few days later the King's son issued a Royal Proclamation. He would search all the land until he found the girl whose foot exactly fitted the glass slipper, and then he would make her his bride.

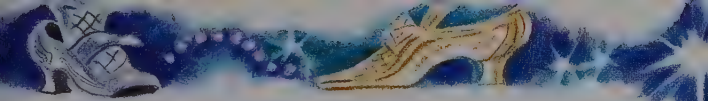






And so the slipper was carried on a velvet cushion into the Palace and all the ladies of the Court were clamouring to try it on. Grand Duchesses and fine Ladies fought and squabbled as they tried to push their feet into the little slipper. Soon everyone had tried their luck but not one had



A decorative border at the top of the page features a silver shoe on the left and a gold shoe on the right, both with intricate designs. Between them is a string of purple beads and white stars. The background is a dark blue gradient with white stars.

a foot dainty enough to fit  
inside the pretty shoe.

Then the Court footmen  
set off to visit all the grand  
houses throughout the  
country. Each young lady  
looked at the shoe and  
hoped for the best, but try  
as they might, their foot  
would not fit.

Soon the footmen arrived

A decorative border at the bottom of the page features a silver shoe on the left and a gold shoe on the right, both with intricate designs. Between them is a string of purple beads and white stars. The background is a dark blue gradient with white stars.

at Cinderella's home. With loud cries of delight, the ugly sisters pulled the poor young men inside. Each was determined to make the little slipper fit. Grunting and groaning, they slowly squeezed their toes inside the fragile glass but at last, with moans of despair, they had to admit defeat.





Then the footmen spied Cinderella and insisted she try on the shoe. Her sisters watched in disbelief as Cinderella slipped it onto her foot. It was a perfect fit!





Their astonishment grew even greater when little Cinderella put her hand in her pocket and pulled forth the other slipper. The Court footmen bowed low before her. This was the Prince's bride! Then the fairy god-mother appeared and in a flash Cinderella was once again dressed in her finery.




Now her two sisters could not fail to recognise the fine, beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet and begged to be forgiven for all the ill-treatment they had made her suffer. With a merry laugh, Cinderella drew them to their feet.






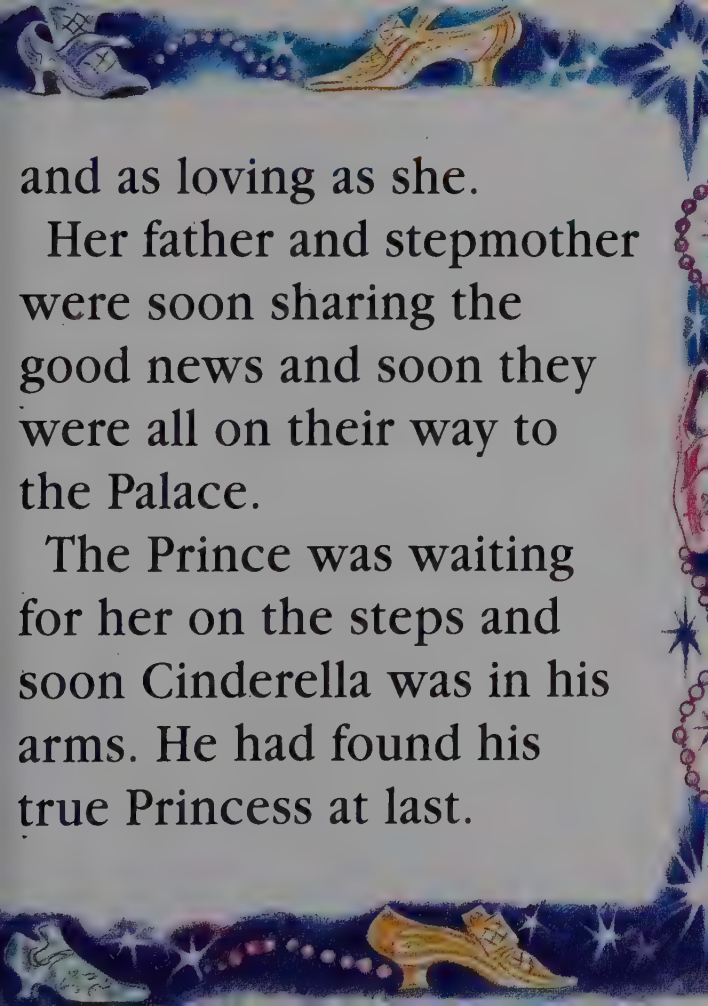




“Fear not, sisters,” she said. “I am so happy that I can forgive you anything. I am to marry the Prince and wish everyone to share in my joy.”

With tears of shame they hugged her and swore that from thenceforth they would try to follow her example and be as kind





and as loving as she.

Her father and stepmother were soon sharing the good news and soon they were all on their way to the Palace.

The Prince was waiting for her on the steps and soon Cinderella was in his arms. He had found his true Princess at last.

The wedding took place the very next day as church bells rang out across the kingdom. Everyone rejoiced and made merry but none was as happy as Cinderella and her handsome Prince.



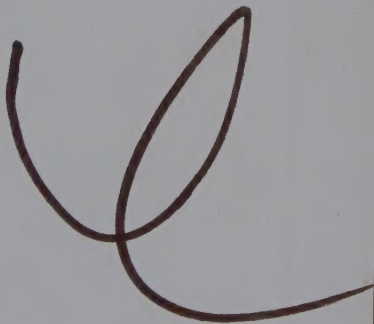
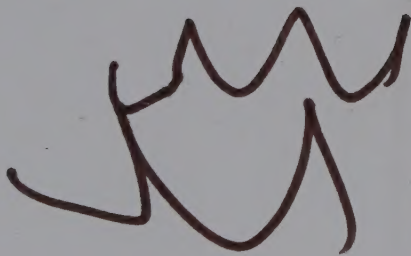






Handwritten cursive text, likely a signature or name, appearing to read "Walter" or "Walter". The text is written in dark brown ink on a light background.





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